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SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR

EMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED BEAGAZINE.

Ladies are invited to

Call & Examine the Goods. Barton, Vt., Oct. 28, 1972.

# SAM PATCH'S LAST JUMP.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges says: While in Rochester I met with Mr. Hebbard, an old resident of Genesee county, who saw Sam Patch make his famous jump off Genesee Falls, thirty or forty years ago. He says that jump day was a great day in Rochester. The people gathered for miles around to see this intermittent American jumper, as he performed his last feat.

Sam Patch had previously jumped over Niagara. Then, saying "some things can be done as well as others,' he slashed around like Sargent Bates through the Western part of the State to back up his proverb. Before his last jump he bought a big black bear of a circus man and led him over the turnpike to Rochester.

The morning of the day came. Sam had arrived in town with the black bear and the crowd rushed into Rochester from miles around. Twelve o'clock was the hour to jump-to jump a hundred feet down-down the terrible fall into the boiling caldron below. A staging had been built out over the water, and Sam appeared on the staging dressed in a sailor's fancy jacket. His friends now took up a collection on shore, while Sam swung his hat and said after jumping himself, he would return and throw the bear over. Then, amid the death-like stillness, he ran a few steps and gave one leap into the air and fell, cutting the mist like a lead sinker, two hundred feet into the seething whirlpool. As he MOPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works. left the stage his body assumed an ob lique position, his head foremost, but bove his feet. As he struck the water there was a dreadful silence, while the populace awaited with choking breath his reappearance. One minute-two minutes-three minutes-and no signs of the daring jumper. Then the people set up a loud wail-a long murmur of

This was the end of Sam Patch.

They say he had been drinking during the morning, and failed to keep his feet together and body perpendicular, as on previous occasions, so when he struck the water the breath left his body, and he was knocked senseless. A month or so afterward they found his body away down below Rochester, drifted upon the

# A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Miss Sarah Butillion, at the age of nineteen was an operative in one of the cotton mills at Great Falls, N. H. During a certain June she was called home to nurse a sister who had fallen sick with typhoid fever. The sister died, and as her parents were old and poor, Sarah remained at home to look after the household, Among her effects she had bro't with her from the factory was a parcel wrapped in a newspaper published in one of the cotton-growing parishes of Louisiana. In this paper she found among prominent men mentioned as having taken part on a public occasion, one who bore her family name of Butillion. The name was not a common one, and in jocose manner she said she had a mind to write to that man and see if she could not scrape up a relationship. A companion told her she dared not do it. Partly from curiosity and partly from a love of adventure, and, perhaps influenced slightly by the banter of her friend, she put the hands.' project into effect. She wrote a sensible modest letter, giving an account of her family genealogy as she understood it and suggested that, as the family name SPICES. was not a common one, and that as the publication of his name had afforded the only opportunity she had ever enjoyed of seeing the name in print, it was not impossible that some relationship existed

In due time Miss Butillion received in reply a letter, friendly and affectionate, the writer acknowledging that her father and himself must be cousins. He wrote that he had no family of his own, and but Pattern Rooms, few friends, and he earnestly hoped and desired that the correspondence thus opened might be continued. Sarah acceded to his request, and a correspondence ensued, agreeable and satisfactory to both parties. She wrote as a child might have written to an absent parent, while he answered as he might have answered to a daughter. This was kept up for almost three years, and then Philip Butillion ceased to write. Sarah's last letter had remained unanswered for full three months, when she received, from an attorney of Natchitoches, intelligence of the death of her distant friend and namesake, together with the information that he had left to her by will the whole of his property, amounting to more than

> Shortly before receiving this intelligence Sarah had given her hand in marriage to a worthy printer of her native State, and together they visited the land of sugar and cotton, where the property was obtained without trouble.

We wish there were more Philip Butillions and more Sarahs to hunt them up and secure their property.-that is, said Sarahs would select worthy printers to your house when your pa and ma are as the sharers of their prosperity.

flies to heaven.

Deride not any man's infirmities.

## THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

I've been among the mighty Alps, And wandered through their vales. And heard the honest mountaineers Relate their thrilling tales. 'Twas there I from a shepherd heard A narrative of lear—
A tale to rend a parent's heart,

"One still, one cloudless Sabbath morn-The sun was rising high— When from my children on the green. I heard a fearful cry
As if some awful deed was done—
A shriek of grief and pain—
A cry, I humbly pray, O God,
I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause But overwhelmed with fright, My children shræked in wild dismay When from my frenzied sight The darling of my care! But something caught my searching Slow moving through the air.

"O what a horrifying sight To meet a father's eye! His infant made a vulture's prey-In terror to descry! To know, also, with beating heart, And with a maniac rave, That human power could not avail That innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands Imploringly to me, While struggling in the vulture's grasp. All vainly to get free. I heard his agonizing cries,
And long and loud he screamed Until, amid the azure sky, A lessening spot he seemed.

"The vulture flapped his penderous wings, As swift away he flew; A mote upon the sun's broad disk. He seemed unto my view.
At length I thought he checked his speed.
As if he would alight: Twas only a delusive thought. For all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain; some years had passed; That child was ne'er forgot; At length a daring hunter climbed From whence, upon a rugged crag The chamois never reached, He saw the infant's fleshless bones,

The elements had bleached. "In haste I climbed the rugged cliff-I could not stay away: And there I found my infant's bones Fast mouldering to decay. A tattered garment yet remained, Though torn to many a shred; The cap he wore that fatal morn

#### For the Monitor NOTES BY A TRAVELING MAN.

In a certain place I asked the way To a boarding-house where I could stay For a day or two; for I hate hotels, Which I only visit when fate compels. A medley family there I metamused me to hear the women exclain Of the awful things too many to name. joined in the talk, all smiling and bland But kept my note-book ready at hand, It was awful hot or awful cold; e was awful ugly or awful old. Twas an awful storm, no one could doubt, And an awful morning for men to be out An awful sweet little baby, one had— One told of an awful good-natured lad That nice new house just over the way Is awful narrow, the ladies say. "That dress," said one of the ladies there "Is awful blue, I do declare." "That was an awful pretty house they have, And an awful easy life they live." One fellow, they said, was awful profane That swearing is awful, is very plain. But how this word could fit so will so many cases I could not tell. n another place I had to stay At a public house, not far away For the evening train was seven hours late— In a bitter cold night seven hours to wait! The fires all out, I hastened to bed

And tried to rest my aching head. But the bed was about as hard as a board.

And a neighboring baby squalled and roared
Old Semmus I called, but he would not obey, So I rolled and tumbled and waited for day beef next morning was tough and strong, The coffee was black, and everything wrong The bar-room was full of toba Which I had to breathe, but it made me choke Of the flithliest plant that man consumes Two drunken fellows staggered about, And showed what ailed them without any doub O why should a man with a mind to think, Sell out his manhood for nothing but drink might go on to tell you tales Of my joys and sorrows in riding rails.

But leave my story half untold; The rest, the future may yet unfold. A chin that's never shaved-Urchin Example teaches more than precept. A fop is the tailor's friend and his

A man with a long head is not very apt to be headlong. Helen Josephine Mansfield is studying

for the French stage in Paris. A Buddhist convent has been suppressed in China, and the unclaimed young ladies are to be married at auction.

Mary Short, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, shortened the span of her ma's life with a shot gun the other day. At the last hanging in Pennsylvania, Miss Cady asked permission to adjust the fatal noose with her "own fair

What is the difference between a crushed hat and the intoxicated son of wealthy parents? One is a cylinder stove, and the other is an heir tight.

A slumbering Albany brakeman was aroused the other night by a cry of pain. and found that he had his wife by both ears, and was twisting enough to "brake"

her neck. This is positively the worst yet: A California editor, after calling a brother editor an "assassin," "liar," "thief," etc., winds off by calling him a "he

school-marm!' They have got an oil well so deep in Oil City that you can put your ear to it and hear the Chinese on the other side of the earth getting coal into their cel-How is that

A Maine man was recently run between the rollers of a paper mill only four inches apart. When he came out, he said he never felt so flat in his life .-But he has got round again now. Those Sandwich Islanders are gradu-

ally adopting the weaknesses of more favored races. They have a fashion magazine there now. The summer style for both sexes is announced. It consists of a red string around the left leg. just above the knee.

They tried to kill a book agent in Omaha last week He was robbed. thrown into the river, knocked off the cars, tossed from a high bridge into the river again and in two hours he was around with an illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription out of the attacking party.

A Canadian lunatic recently took a little child in a skiff and started for the falls of Niagara, as he said, on a voyage to heaven, being an angel sent for the child The father got his rifle and went gunning for that "angel," and stopped him just in time to prevent his child from being made one.

A young lady writes to an exchange giving a receipt for having fun. She says: Invite half a dozen boys and girls away; put a half-dollar silver piece in a ed me for the fault of the moment, but dish with molasses an inch deep in it and Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul offer it to the boy who gets it with his mouth. The more the boys try to get it. the more fun there will be. That girl surely deserves a diploma.

# The Golden Opportunity,

A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD.

Not many things have happened to me in the course of my life which can be called events. But one great event, as I then called it, happened when I was eight years old. On that birthday 1 first possessed a piece of gold. How well I remember the occasion! I had a holiday, and was reading aloud to my mother. The book was the 'Life of Howard, the philanthropist.' I was interested in it, though the style was considerably above my comprehension; at last I came to the following sentence, which I could make nothing of : "He could not let slip such a golden oppor tunity of doing good."

"What is a golden opportunity?" inquired.

"It means a very good opportunity." "But, mamma, why do they call it gold-

My mamma smiled, and said it was a figurative expression; "Gold is very valuable, and very uncommon; this opportunity was a very valuable and uncom mon one; and we can express that in one word by calling it a golden oppor-

I pondered upon the information for some time, and then made a reply to the effect, that all the golden opportunities seemed to happen to very rich people; or people who lived a long time ago, or else to great men whose lives we can read in books-very great men, such as Wilberforce and Howard; but they never happened to real people, whom we could see every day, nor to children.' "To children like you, Orris?" said

en opportunity are you wishing for just

my mother, "why, what kind of a gold

My reply was childish enough. "If I were a great man I should like to sail after the slave ships, fight them and take back the poor slaves to their own country. Or I should like to do something like what Quintus Cortius did. Not exactly like that: for you know mamma, if I were to jump into a gulf, that would not really make it close."

"No," said my mother, "it would not." "And besides," I reasoned, "if it had closed, I should never have known of the good I had done, because I should have been killed.

"Certainly," said my mother : I saw her smile, and thinking it was at the folly of my last wish, hastened to bring forth a wiser one.

"I think I should like to be a great lady, and then if there had been a bac harvest, and all the poor people on our Lord's land were nearly starving I should like to come down to them with a purse full of money and divide it among them. But you see, mamma, I have no golden opportunities."

"My dear, we all have some opportunities of doing good, and they are golden, or not, according to the use we make

"But, mamma, we cannot get people released from prison, as Howard did. "No, but sometimes, by instructing them in their duty, by providing them with work, so that they shall earn bread enough, and not be tempted, and driven by hunger to steal, we can prevent some people from ever being put in prison.'

My mother continued to explain that those who really desired to do good, never wanted opportunities, and that the difference between Howard and other people was more in perseverance and earnestness than in circumstances. But I do not profess to remember much of what she said: I only know that, very shortly, she took me into my grandfather's study, and sitting down, began busily to mend a heap of pens which lav beside him on the table.

He was correcting proof sheets, and knowing that I must not 'talk, I stood

awhile, very quietly watching him. Presently I saw him mark out a letter in the page, make a long stroke in the margin, and write a letter 'd' beside it. Curiosity was too much for my prudence; I could not help saying-

letter d for ?" "There was a letter too much in the word, child, he replied; "I spell potatoes with only one p; and I want the

"Grandpapa, what did you write that

printer to put out the second " "Then d stands for don't, I suppose ?" was my next observation; 'it means don't put it in ?"

"Yes, child. yes-something like that." If it had not been my birthday I should not have had courage to interrupt him again. "But, grandpapa, 'do' begins with d, so how is the printer to know whether you mean 'do,' or 'don't?" My grandfather said 'pshaw!' turned short round upon my mother, and asked

her if she had heard what I said. My mother admitted that it was a childish observation.

"Childish!" repeated my grandfather, "childish! She'll never be anything but a child-never; she has no reasoning faculties at all. When my grandfather was displeased with me, he never scoldinveighed against me in the piece, as a draper would say.

age-ever play with a penny doll, and I remember laying the three coins up. | me sitting at the foot of my little bed | seal a stab at the heart.

sing to a kitten? I should think not." "I was of a different disposition," said

my mother, gently. "Aye," said the old man, "that you ere. Why, I wouldn't trust that child, as I trusted you, for the world; you were quite a little woman, could pay bills, or take charge of keys; but this child has no discretion-no head-piece. She says things that are wide of the mark. She's -well, my dear, I didn't mean to vex you-she's a nice child enough, but, bless me, she never THINKS.

and never reasons about anything." He was mistaken. I was thinking and reasoning at that moment. I was thinking how delightful it would be if might have the cellar keys, and all the other keys, hanging to my side, so that every one might see that I was trusted with them; and I was reasoning that perhaps my mother had behaved like a little woman, because she was treated like one.

"My dear I did not mean that she was worse than many other children, continued my grandfather; "come here. child, and I'll kiss you."

My mother pleaded by way of apology for me-"She has a very good mem-

"Memory! ave, there's another disadrantage. She remembers everything; she's a mere parrot. Why, when you at her age, wanted a punishment, if set you twenty lines of poetry, they'd keep you still an hour. Set this child eighty-knows 'em directly, and there's time wasted in hearing her say 'em into the bargain."

ful as she grows older," said my mother | very handsome toys.

"I hope she will-there's room for improvement. Come and sit on my knee, child. So this is your birthday. Well, I suppose I must give you some thing or other. Leave the child with me, my dear, I'll take care of her. But won't detain you, for the proofs are all ready. Open the door for your mother. Orris. Ah! you'll never be anything like her-never."

grandfather, looking at me with comical ravity, took out a leathern purse, and lived with his fingers among the contante "When I -- w little buy, w old as you, nobody gave meany money.'

Encouraged by his returning good humor, I drew closer, and peeped into the purse. There were as many as six or eight sovereigns in it. I thought what a rich man my grandfather was, and when he took out a small coin and laid t in my hand, I could scarcely believe

"Do you know what this is, child ?" "A half-sovereign, grandpa." "Well, do you think you could spend

ittle fingers."

"Oh yes." said I. "Oh yes! and she opens her eyes! "Ah child, child! that meney was worth ten shillings when it was in my purse, and wouldn't give a sixpence for anything it will buy now it has once touched your | ing, Mr. Miller.

"Did you give it to me to spend exactly as I like, grandpapa ?" "To be sure, child,-there, take it,t's worth nothing to you, my dear."

"Nothing to me! the half-sovereign orth nothing to me! why, grandpapa? "Nothing worth mentioning; you have no real wants; you have clothes, shelter and food without this half-sovereign.' "O, yes; but grandpapa, I think it

must be worth ten times as much to me as to you; I have only this one, and vou have quantities ; I shouldn't won der if you have thirty or forty half-sovereigns, and a great many shillings and half-crowns besides, to spend every

"I shouldn't wonder."

ny delightful things with it."

"And I have only one. I can't think, grandpapa, what you do with all your money; if I had it, I would buy so ma-

lanterns, and all sorts of tarsh. But, unfortunately, you have not got it; you have only one-half sovereign to throw

away ; perhaps I shall try to do some you have to only draw it in and out : I papa says I am just like a whirligig good with it."

my dear, if you do try to do some good You know the queen has a band papa, with it, I shall not call it thrown away." I then related what I had been readng, and had nearly concluded, when the housemaid came in. She laid a piece of crumpled paper on his desk, and with it a shilling and a penny, saying: "there prised at the way in which I had spent is the change, sir, out of your shoemak-

a new one. Then, with a generosity which I am really at a loss to account for, he actually, and on the spot, gave me both the shilling and the penny.

hand, gold, silver, and copper; he then gave me another kiss and abruptly disbe learned; there was no music inside missed me, saving that he had more writing to do; and I walked along the passage with an exultation of heart that a queen might have envied, to show this "Did you ever talk nonsense at her unheard-of wealth to my mother.

singing, "There's a golden opportunity! and there's a silver opportunity! and there's a copper opportunity !" and hav- from me. ing continued this exercise till I was quite tired, I spent the rest of the morn-

ing in making three little silk bags, one

for each of them, previously rubbing the

penny with sand-paper, to make it bright and clean. Visions and dreams floated through my brain as to the good I was to do with this property. They were vain-glorious, but not selfish; but they were none of them fulfilled, and need not be recorded. tippet. The next dsy, just as my lessons were

It was always a treat to walk with my father, especially when he went to town. I liked to look in at the shop difference between those who are earnest-

finished, papa came in with his hat and

father was going to the Mechanics' Institute, and could not take me with him, but there was a certain basket-maker, with whose wife I was often left on these occasions; to this good woman he brought me, and went away, promising not to be and who gave his Son to die for her, and

may be, I beseech you judge not too and teaching her to read the Bible; in harshly of me; remember I was but a one year she might have learned a great child, and it is certain that if you are many things which would have been of not a child yourself, there was a time service to her when she was old enough when you were one. Next door to the to get her living. And for what have basket-maker's there was a toy shop, and | you thrown all this good from you and "I hope she will become more thought- in its window I espied several new and from her?"

"Mr. Miller's window looks uncommonly gay," said the basket-makes, observing the direction of my eves.

"Uncommon," repeated his wife. "those new gimeracks from London is handsome sure-ly.' "Wife," said the old man, "there's

"Not a bit in the world, bless her," said the old woman ; "I know she'll go I did as he desired, and then my no further, and come back here when er go into Mr. Miller's shop again." she's looked 'em over.'

no harm in missy's just taking a look at

"Oh, yes, indeed I will: may I go?" The old woman nodded assent, and I -- L.C., Alexantingua Splendid visions! O the enviable position of Mr. Miller! How wonderful that he was not always playing with his to show me the most beautiful toys in toys, showing himself his magic lanterns, the world. I would not buy them after

ful that he could bear to part with them for mere money. I was lost in admiration, when Mr. Miller's voice made me start. "Would-

n't you like to step inside, Miss ?" He said this so affably, that I felt quite welcome, and was beguiled into entering. In an instant he was behind the counter. "What is the little article I can have the pleasure, miss-"

"O," I replied, blushing deeply, "I do not wish to buy anything this morn-

"Indeed, miss, that,s rather a pity. I'm sorry, miss, I should like to serve you, while I have goods about me that I am proud of. In a week or two, -and he looked pompously about him-they'll

all be cleared out." "What! will they all be gone, all

sold," I exclaimed in dismay. "Just so, miss, such is the appreciation of the public;" and he carelessly took up a little cedar stick, and played 'The blue bells of Scotland' on the glass

keys of a plaything piano. down the stick, and taking up an acfinest notes of the hautboy." He drew it out and in his skillful hands it discoursed' music which I thought the most

excellent I had ever heard. scribing my temptation. In ten min-"No doubt! kaledoscopes, and magic utes the accordion was folded up in sil- thoughtful and steady, but, 'with God, ver-paper, and I had parted with my all things are possible."

cherished half-sovereign. "But perhaps I shall not throw it my accordion. "It is so easy, papa; can even play it at dinner time, if you "Do some good with it! Bless you, like, between the meat and the puddings.

to play when she dines, and so can you."

My father abruptly declined this lib-

eral offer; so did my grandfather, when

I repeated it to him, but I was relieved to find that he was not in the least surhis present This, however, did not prevent my feeling sundry twinges of re My grandfather took it up, looked at gret when I remembered all my good it, and remarked that the shilling was intentions. But, alas! my according soon cost me tears of bitter disappointown, I could not tell, but draw it out, it away, for it only vexes me to see it and twist it about as I might, it would There they lay in the palm of my not play 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' tunity. or any other of my favorite tunes. It

> you wind the tunes out of barrel organs. azinc. . My mother coming in some time during that melancholy afternoon, found

on a little table, and dancing around it, holding my accordion, and shedding over it some of the most bitter tears that shame and repentence had yet wrung

> She looked astonished, and asked, 'What is the matter, my child ?" "Oh, mamma," I replied, as well as

my sobs would let me, "I have bought this thing which won't play, and I have given Mr. Miller my golden opportunity.' "What, have you spent your half-sovereign? I thought you were going to put poor little Patty Morgan to school with that, and give her a new frock and

My tears fell afresh at this, and thought how pretty little Patty would stick in his hand; he was going to walk | have looked in the new frock, and that to the town, and offered to take me with I should have put it on for her myself. My mother sat down by me, took away the toy and dried my eyes. "Now you see, my child," she observed, "one great windows, and admire their various con- ly desirous of doing good, and those who only wish it lightly. You had what you To the town therefore, we went. My were wishing for-a golden opportunity, for doing good. You had the means putting a poor little orphan to school a whole year-think of this Orris! In one whole year she might have learned a great deal about the God who made her, his Spirit to make her holy. One whole And now, dear reader, whoever you vear would nave gone a great way tow-

> "I am very sorry. I did not mean to buy the accordion ; I forgot, when heard Mr. Miller playing upon it, that I had better not listen; and I never remembered what I had done till it was mine and folded up in paper."

"You forgot till it was too late?" "Yes, mamma; but O I am so sorry. I am sure I shall never do so any more. "Do not say so, my child; I fear i

will happen again, many, many times."

"Many times? O mamma ! I will nev-

"My dear child, do not think there is nothing in the world that can tempt you but Mr. Miller's shop." riven it I go there, it will not matter now, for I have no half sovereign left to spend : but if I had another, and he were

setting out his puzzles, and winding up this, not if they would play of themhis musical boxes. Still more wonder-"My dear, that may be true; you, perhaps, would not be tempted again when you are on your guard; but you know, Orris, you do not wish for another toy of that kind. Are there no tempt-

ations against which you are not on your guard ?" I thought my mother spoke in a tone of sorrow. I knew she lamented my volatile disposition; and crying afresh, I said to her-"O, mamma, do not think that all my life I shall never do

any good at all. "If you try in your own strength I scarcely think you will. Certainly you

"Did I try in my own strength to-"What do you think, Orris? I leave

it to you to decide." "I am afraid I did." "I am afraid so, too, but you mustn't cry and sob in this way. Let this morning's experience show you how open you are to temptation. To let it make you "This," he observed coolly, throwing think you shall never yield to such temptation again is the worst thing you cordion, "This delightful little instru- can do; you need help from above; seek ment is half a guinea-equal to the it, my dear child, otherwise all your

good resolutions will come to nothing." "And if I do seek it, mamma?" tainly be able to accomplish something. But what is the use of minutely de- It is impossible for me to take away your volatile disposition, and make you

"It is a great pity that at the very As we walked home, I enlarged on moment when I want to think about the delight I should have in playing on | right things, and good things, all sorts and besides that I can never help laugh ing when I ought not, and I am always having lessons set me for running about

and making a noise when baby is asleep." "My dear child, you must not be dis contented; these are certainly disadvantages; they will give you a great deal of trouble, and myself too: but you have one advantage that all children are not blessed with."

"What is that, mamma?"

wish to do good." "Yes, I think I really do, mamma; ment. Whether from its fault, or my I had better fold up this thing, and put I am sorry I have lost my golden oppor-

was just like the piano, every tune must | was put away. The silver and the copper remained, but there was an end of which only wanted winding out of it, as my golden opportunity. - Sunday Mag-

## GREELEY'S PREMONITION.

The Trov (N. Y.) Evening Press says: On Christmas night of 1871 the writer of this article sat beside Horace Greeley at Steinway Hall, New York city, where was being given Handel's great oratario of "The Messiah." During the major part of the performance he sat apparently lost in thought, if not in a doze, and seemingly oblivious to all that was going on. But when Miss Kellogg appeared and sang the great soprano solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he raised up, his face was suffused with joy, his bright eye was dimmed with a tear, and he listened with that stond- and interna comments so peculiar to him when interested .-When it was finished no hands more loudly applauded than his, no face beamed forth such great satisfaction, and he murmured to himself those grandest of all the words of the world, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then again came the absent pre-occupied look, nor did it change until Miss Sterling sang the contralto recitative, "Then shall come to pass that which is written; death shall be swallowed up in victory," when the same joyous look of satisfaction lighted up the face no one could look upon and

A few days ago he turned wearily on his bed of pain and the old light came back as he muttered, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" a few hours more and "it is done." Death was swallowed up

From the Louisville Courier-Journal of November 27 :- Charles E. Hulse, of Jeffersonville, died in New Albany on unday morning of confluent small-pox after an illness of eleven days. The circumstances attending his sickness and death are at once sad and romantic .-He was engaged to be wedded to Miss Mollie Miller, a young lady living in New Albany, the marriage being fixed for some time during the holliday season. Three weeks ago Miss Miller was taken with the small pox, and a congestive chill setting in with the disease. she died. During her sickness, notwithstanding its contageous and dangerous character, Mr. Hulse was constant n his attendance at her bedside, earing tenderly for her. His devotion produced the effect which he could but have anticipated. A short week after Miss Miller's death, Mr. Hulse was prostrated with the same disease. His grief at the loss of his betrothed had rendered him indifferent to the result, and indeed he made up his mind to die from the beginning of his illness, telling several of his friends, and writing to his relatives, that he would not and did not care to recover, and begging them not to eopardize their lives in coming to see

Lawyers at Albany, N. Y., are kicking up a deal of scandall just now .-There is a divorce suit "sprouting" in the case of one whose wife found another woman in his office under suspicious circumstances, the other day, and another limb has been consigned to the lock-up for annoying a Suspension Bridge girl with his unwelcome attentions. Worst will do no good which will be acceptable of all is the case of a "prominent" lawyer, who bade his wife and family adieu, a few days since, and started for New York with the avowed intention of going to Europe. His banker found he had largely overdrawn his account, and his wife discovered things which aroused her suspicions. The man of money took the first train for Goeham, and found the absconding lawyer's hotel, where he had registered himself "and lady." The chamber was stormed, and, after many protestations, the door opened. To his infinite surprise and grief, the banker discovered the "lady" to be his own fair daughter, whom he supposed to be miles away, at a boarding school. He took "Then, weak as you are, you will cer- her home, and the lawyer was taken ill and did not go to Europe. The affair

has been kept pretty quiet. Thus does the Boston Herald exhibit one of the phases of sleigh-riding in the modern Athens: Sometimes a gentleman who has announced to his family that he is not going to drive out, makes his appearance on the mile ground with his fast trotter and a pretty woman seated by his side, and finds himself chronicled next morning: "As Mr. So-and-So and his charming wife were whirled along at a tremendous pace by his favorite gray horse, 'Napoleon.' " In such cases the wife is apt to make the buckwheat cakes very hot for the husband's breakfast.

Persons out West who have used corn for fuel conclude that two bushels of corn in the ear will create as much heat as one bushel of coal. What the difference "There are times when you sincerely is when the corn is made into "forty rod" is not stated.

"Go it boys!" says the Vergennes Vermonter, "Leap year has disappeared and now, bashful, you will have to spunk up to 'em' or you'll travel in single traces the rest of the journey. The girls won't propose any more, no matter how cold the weather is."

A Washington correspondent says that Senator Sumner has frequent acute pains in the region of the heart, and that Forgiveness: a kiss of the lips, to opiates are administered nightly to give him sleep.